

The Omen

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Thanks to Derrick Elmes for the Police Log

Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), or Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?

"I get bombed, much like Pearl Harbor."

-The Bloodhound Gang

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Processed Meats of the Pioneer Valley

Welcome to our newest Omen feature: Processed Meats of the Pioneer Valley. This is an in-depth look at what you can do to satisfy your omnivorous cravings. For our first installment, I've decided take a huge, flying leap over the spectrum of the beef stick market by reviewing something really common, and something considerably more exotic. Here we go:

Slim Jim (Spicy Smoked Snack):

Purchased at:
The Campus Store
Color: Reddish-Brown

Ingredients:
Beef, Chicken, Water, Salt, Corn Syrup, Dextrose, Flavorings, Spices, Paprika, Hydrolyzed Vegetable Protein, Sodium Nitrate, Lactic Acid, Starter Culture.

Company:
Goodmark Foods Inc.

Slim Jim is the Time-Warner of processed meats, looming large over all, and giving you what you want, when you want it. If you want a beef stick, you can always find a Slim Jim. They come in many sizes and a sufficient number of fla-

It has a pleasantly snappy crunch that's characteristic of all the Slim Jim products. The spice hits you about five seconds after the initial bite. It's really not as spicy as I expected, but it's a very gregarious spice, not overbearing or painful. This might disappoint the hardcore 4-alarm crowd,

but it will be a relief to those who generally shy away from things labeled "spicy" because they fear something in the range of an Atomic Fireball candy.

OSTI Stick (Ostrich and Beef Stick):

Purchased at: The Village Store (To get there, you take a left at Long Radio, and it's in the first series of stores on your left.)

Color: Mahogany
Ingredients: Ostrich, Beef, Salt, Flavorings, Dextrose, Brown Sugar, Citric Acid, Monosodium Glutamate, Sodium Erythorbate, Sodium Nitrate.

Company: New England Ostrich Specialty Meat International

Now, when I saw the picture of an Indian (Native Ameri-

can, whatever) riding an ostrich on the label I was frightened... yet curious. Mmm... ostrich and beef stick: I MUST! The thing was rather large (over a foot long), and well worth the unusually pricey (for a beef stick) \$1.50 price tag. To be honest I was first repulsed about eating ostrich, but then I found it oddly appealing. It was well worth it.

It has a nice smooth taste, followed by a burst of spice that only seems to hit you in the back of your throat. It's both subtle and extremely flavorful, a unique combination.

As I mentioned before, it's an ample size as well. Enough to be satisfying. The consistency is slightly mushy for a beef stick, but surprisingly, it doesn't make it undesirable. It's a delicacy in the world of processed meats. I think I'll send this to the ostrich farm in Whately where these things are made to see if I could get them to sponsor an Omen event. This is darn good stuff.

Jonathan Land
Meat Reviewer
The Omen





Public Safety To Attempt To Unionize

Everyone at Hampshire seems to have a complaint about the lack of communication that robs us of community, leads us to misunderstanding, and in general makes life more difficult than it has to be. For most of us, this is merely an inconvenient Hampshire tradition. But for a Public Safety Officer, bound by training and oaths to the state, this can be particularly compromising. To answer a noise complaint unaware of the situation's potential magnitude, to be under-equipped, and to have one's complaints regarding this go undressed, can lead to severe problems with morale, and more importantly, with the safety of the campus. This week, as the Hampshire College Public Safety Department, composed of dispatch staff and patrol officers, informs the Administration of its intention to unionize via the Teamsters organization, the problem will be publicly announced as coming to an intolerable head.

The problems the sixteen-member vote on unionization seeks to address are remarkably similar to the issues that prompted a unionization attempt on the part of the college's Physical Plant in Fall '94. The results of these problems are very dif-

ferent however—leading to compromising of legal integrity on the part of officers, issues of liability, and, boiled down, the safety of every member of the college.

"We are here to protect human lives above all else," said one officer, when asked about his concerns. "This is a nice place to work, it really is...if we could just feel a little safer, have the proper tools and equipment...." Every officer spoken with voiced a liking for the college, a personal liking for their colleagues, but always returned to the problem of lax attitudes regarding safety and legal integrity. Often stressed was how often officers were frustrated when attempts to make superiors aware of problems were brushed aside. Bolstering this assertion was the statement, "Public Safety has not had a full staff meeting in four years."

Also mentioned were problems with pay rate, money spent on improving the department, and lack of adequate staff. These problems were depicted as ancillary, however, to the issues of personal safety for both officers and community members. Morale is down, and officers who

enjoy the college are beginning to seek work elsewhere, where they feel less concerned about liability and their integrity as officers. It is hoped that by introducing a Union to the scene, problems will be promptly addressed, and legitimate concerns will be given due review and action.

The vote will consist of six dispatchers and 10 patrol officers. Mentioning the Physical Plant situation, the officers were optimistic that the Teamsters could add a little leverage to what has so far been a futile request for change. While the pending situation requires a certain vagueness in this report, Public Safety has expressed great interest in granting interviews to explicate the issues mentioned above. Look in upcoming issues of The Omen for a continuing update on a situation that effects the safety of Hampshire's community.

Stephanie Cole
News Editor

*High On Smack,
Jonathan Land,
1996*



Speaking Of P. S.-Police Log!!!

Admits: [I admit, these will bore you.]

Monday February 19,

1996:

17:14 CFS 96-491

Women's Center

Students let in.

Thursday February 22,

1996:

08:29 CFS 96-516 Tavern

Students let in.

Friday February 23,

1996:

23:55 CFS 96-535 Cole Sci-

ence Center

Student let in.

Saturday February 24,

1996:

18:30 CFS 96-545 Music

and Dance

Staff member let into of-

fice.

20:37 CFS 96-548 Cole Sci-

ence Center

Student let in.

Sunday February 25,

1996:

20:00 CFS 96-565 Library

Student let into office.

ANIMAL!!!! [Animal?

Ben Piekut stopped writing for us early last semester!]

Thursday February 22,

1996:

14:24 CFS 96-518 Farm

Center

Ram loose, F.C. to handle.

Distress Alarms: [There have to be more distressed people than this.]

Tuesday February 20,

1996:

18:10 CFS 96-502 Dakin

Accidental.

Wednesday February 21,

1996:

19:13 CFS 96-511 Dakin

Accidental.

Disturbance: [Disturbances often cause lightning, but that's only in the atmosphere.]

Friday February 23,

1996:

01:45 CFS 96-524 Dakin

Glass being thrown on J-

3.

Saturday February 24,

1996:

03:41 CFS 96-539 Merrill

Officer checked area,

found nothing.

Sunday February 25,

1996:

03:12 CFS 96-552

Greenwich

Noise complaint, student talked to.

DRUG ABUSE VIOLATIONS!!!!!! [More than Tylenol, less than crack!]

Wednesday February 21,

1996:

00:29 CFS 96-504 Dakin

Marijuana pipe confiscated.

Saturday February 24,

1996:

01:19 CFS 96-537 Red

Barn

Individuals spoken to.

Fire Alarms: [Ahh... You know the drill. {rimshot}]

Monday February 19,

1996:

13:34 CFS 96-489 Dakin

Cigarette smoke in D/E

stairwell.

Wednesday February 21,

1996:

00:23 CFS 96-503 Dakin

Incense smoke on H3.

Friday February 23,

1996:

17:25 CFS 96-530 RCC

Accidental activation of pull station.

Intrusion Alarm: [That's right, get the hell out.]

Sunday February 25,

1996:

14:42 CFS 96-544 Blair

Building checked, no problems.

LARCENY!!!!!! [I'm selling a VCR for only...d'oh]

Monday February 19,

1996:

13:04 CFS 96-488

ASH

VCR reported stolen.

Maintenance Matters: [Mmm...maintenance.]

Wednesday February 21,

1996:

23:13 CFS 96-512 CSC

Door Problem.

Thursday February 22,

1996:

20:47 CFS 96-521 Enfield

Electrical problem -

Physical Plant advised.

Saturday February 24,

1996:

03:28 CFS 96-538 Prescott

Lock problem - P.P. noti-

fied.

Sunday February 25,

1996:

00:37 CFS 96-551 Arts

Barn

Door problem.

11:30 CFS 96-554 Multi-

Sport

Continued on the next page.

More Police Log

Continued from the previous page.

Circuit breaker reset.
12:50 CFS 96-556 Music and Dance
Lock problem.
Medical Transport: *[I'm going to draw a map of this, I think we're witnessing a cycle of events here.]*
Monday February 19, 1996:
09:01 CFS 96-485 Prescott
Student transported to Library.
10:19 CFS 96-487 Library
Student transported to FPH.
17:40 CFS 96-492 Prescott
Student transported to Multi-Sport.
17:52 CFS 96-493 Multi-Sport
Student transported to Dining Commons.
Tuesday February 20, 1996:
10:26 CFS 96-496 Prescott
Student transported to Library.
10:39 CFS 96-497 Health Services
Student transported to U-Mass Infirmary
12:53 CFS 96-499 UMI
Student brought back to campus.
15:50 CFS 96-501 Library
Student transported to Prescott.
Wednesday February 21, 1996:
08:44 CFS 96-506 Prescott
Student transported to Library.
14:25 CFS 96-507 FPH
Student transported to

Prescott.
16:15 CFS 96-508 Prescott
Student transported to Multi-Sport.
19:00 CFS 96-510 Multi-Sport
Student transported to Prescott.
Thursday February 22, 1996:
07:18 CFS 96-514 Prescott
Student transported to Library.
08:28 CFS 96-515 RCC
Student transported to Prescott.
10:36 CFS 96-517 Prescott
Student transported to Library.
16:00 CFS 96-519 CSC
Student transported to Prescott.
19:29 CFS 96-520 Prescott
Student transported to Prescott.
20:48 CFS 96-522 Library
Student transported to Prescott.
Friday February 23, 1996:
09:35 CFS 96-525 Prescott
Student transported to Library.
16:30 CFS 96-529 Library
Student transported to Prescott.
19:58 CFS 96-532 Multi-Sport
Student transported to Library.
21:48 CFS 96-533 Library
Student transported to Prescott.
Saturday February 24, 1996:
10:25 CFS 96-541 Prescott

Student transported to Dining Commons.
12:34 CFS 96-543 Dining Commons
Student transported to UMI.
19:00 CFS 96-546 Prescott
Student transported to Library.
23:53 CFS 96-550 Enfield
Student transported to Dining Commons.
Motor Vehicle Tow: *[If this is you, it must suck, I'm sorry]*
Monday February 19, 1996:
09:09 CFS 96-486 FPH F/S Lot
Vehicle towed.
OTHER OFFENCES!!!!:
[To be continued next week...I think]
Friday February 23, 1996:
18:41 CFS 96-531 Prescott
Bomb threat on voice mail.
Personal Illness: *[I prefer public illness more.]*
Tuesday February 20, 1996:
09:58 CFS 96-495 FPH
Individual with medical problem.
Wednesday February 21, 1996:
18:04 CFS 96-509 Enfield
Student not feeling well.
Friday February 23, 1996:
00:35 CFS 96-523 Merrill
Concern over student's well being.
Saturday February 24, 1996:
Continued on page 12.

SECTION HATE

The Worst Things Funded Ever

Section Hate - 25 February, 1996

It is high time, I believe, for myself, in my official capacity as Section Hate Editor, to really take the College to task for well-meaning idiocy, bumbling absurdity, and sheerest stupidity. Let's face it, dear ones - we go to a school that is horribly and appallingly besieged by intellectual and philosophical folly. This is not to say that other institutions of higher learning are not plagued by the ideas and deeds of the ineffably moronic - I think it's an unwritten Law of the Universe that colleges and universities are breeding grounds for high-minded imbeciles. It's just that Hampshire College, for whatever reason, seems to have more of these high-minded imbeciles than most schools. Don't get me wrong; I still inexplicably like Hampshire, and could not, for the life of me, see myself getting my education anywhere else. There is a maxim that advises not biting the hand that feeds you, but I've always found that to be a rather dry and annoyingly moralistic maxim, so I'm going to ignore it. Yes, I like Hampshire . . . but I also enjoy beating on it mercilessly. It's a pastime which never grows dull.

So, without further ado, I present for your ascerbic reading delight the Official Section Hate Top Five "Worst Things Hampshire College Has Ever Wasted its Time, Space, Money and/or Resources On" List (in no particular order):

1. The Phoenix. This may be beating a dead horse even after it's been dismembered and sent off to the glue factory, but I just can't ignore the journalistic blight the Phoenix has become. The "official" Hampshire College newspaper, the Phoenix has deteriorated over the past semester and a half, until it could no longer rise from the ashes even once a month. Shoddy management, a lack of editorial wisdom, an unbelievably stubborn insistence on using newsprint when its cost was clearly too high for the Phoenix' modest budget, an active managing editor who wasn't even attending Hampshire for a semester (completely, utterly, totally against school regs) . . . the list goes on and on. I've been at or near this school for four years now, and have watched several "official" school newspapers come into existence, putter about briefly, and die (the Examiner, the Permanent Press) - but I must say that the

Phoenix takes the proverbial cake. Thankfully, the Phoenix didn't receive funding from Community Council this semester, and the Phoenix' editorial collective has proven that it can't keep up with costs by advertising revenue, so hopefully it will die a peaceful death at last. Even a Phoenix has to completely burn at some point.

2. The Yurt. Oh yes, that again. You didn't think I would overlook that impractical architectural monstrosity, did you? Now, the Yurt has been a stale topic for at least two semesters, but, by necessity, this list must drag it back into the light - after all, it meets three of the criteria by being a waste of money, time and space. Granted - as it has been pointed out time and again - the Yurt didn't use that much college money to get it to its current state of half-completion, but the fact that the Yurt got any money from the College at all is profoundly disturbing. I've said this before, but I'll say it again: a yurt is a temporary structure, made from hide and sticks and bone and such, a big tent-like thing meant to be easily assembled and taken apart on the

Continued on the next page.

More Bad Things

Continued from the previous page.

Mongolian steppes. The Yurt isn't even a yurt, merely a yurt-like aberration that should never have been allowed to be built. And, yes, it's small and doesn't take up that much space, but any trifling amount of space it does take up is too much. The so-called Yurt Collective can't get anyone to work on it— it would be a waste of time, since the goddamn thing isn't ever going to be finished anyway. I think we should make Aaron Godwin come back from wherever the hell he is and force him to tear it down all by himself while we all watch— fit punishment for the man who brought this structural eye-sore to the architectural Valhalla that is Hampshire College.

3. The Women's Center and Men's Resource Center. I know Jon is going to be happy with me that I included the Women's Center on this list, but I couldn't just have the Women's Center here without bringing along the MRC for the ride. Let's face facts— or at least my opinions, which is damn good enough— and realize that both these groups are stupid and would be better off just skulking away into the night. The Women's Center has been mismanaged and, in the process, alienated a whole hell of a lot of people with the maniacal zealotry (women included, moron) of its operators. The MRC is a place for sensitive new-age guys to go and read Iron John and worry about touching women in the

wrong way— say, accidentally brushing a female arm whilst walking down a crowded street. Could that be sexual harassment? Okay, I'm making gross oversimplifications here, but you get my point, don't you? I share Steph Cole's view that dialogue is best carried out in an open forum, and not in closed-off communities and the like. Division is stupid but a fact of life; officially sanctioned division (the Women's Center, MRC, etc.) is just plain stupid. We don't get anything accomplished that way; instead, we just sit around and talk out of our asses about stuff that should be accomplished. Big waste of money— money that could be used to, oh, I don't know, pay staff members better or, heaven forbid, have more money available for financial aid. But that's me being horribly too pragmatic. Out of line. My bad.

4. The Logo. There's not much to say here. The "negative space" logo that the college paid an outside contractor thousands of dollars for is ugly, but that's beside the point. Again, I've said this before, but . . . well, I'm a fount of wisdom, what can I say: the College could have come up with a much more attractive logo and paid gobs less money if they had searched in-house. What I mean by that is the College should have held a contest among the student body, or, hell, the entire Hampshire College community, for a new logo design, thereby saving the expense of paying a "professional" to "cre-

ate" one like our lovely multi-colored blocks. Common sense, kids. It doesn't run rampant here, that's for sure.

5. The Habitat for Humanity House. Have you ever wondered, as you've meandered down to Health Services or the Business Office, just what the hell that unfinished tract house is doing just sitting there on the grass behind the parking lot of Blair Hall? Well, that's the Habitat for Humanity house, built here last May (at a day-long event, coordinated by the President's Office, that involved arts and crafts and Arlo Guthrie giving a free concert). I think this might be the worst entry on this list, because this is stupidity with only the best of intentions. For God's sake, it's a Habitat for Humanity house! It's supposed to house a low- (or no-) income family. Yet it's been sitting there for going on a year now, with no siding on most of it, untended, slowly starting to rot. I believe the plan was that the house would get finished over the summer and be transplanted to some site somewhere in the Valley so that someone could actually, oh, I don't know, live in it or something practical like that. But, no, it's just sitting there, twiddling its metaphorical thumbs and waiting for someone— anyone— to get their head out of their ass. I don't know whose fault this is, Habitat for Humanity's or the President's Office, but my money's on the latter. Hmm . . . wonder why?

Continued on the next page.

Why Does This Style Of Writing Seem Familiar?

SECTION TREPPENCRAP

Bah. Gawd, I'm sick of it. Am I the only one at this damn college who realizes how shitty everything is? Fuck.

...Well? How's my first rant column going? Nicely, I hope. I wasn't sure how to start, so I'm drawing from example. Oops! better get back in character.

Anyway, everything sucks. It's all so obvious... to a keenly insightful college student like me, anyway. That's why I hate the world. And guess what? You, dear reader, are IN the world, so — that's right— I hate you, too! And I hate Greg Prince! And SAGA! And the damn yurt! And hippies! And druggies! And (and I think I'll write lots of things in parentheses to break up any coherent flow my column might have had!) I (did I mention the parentheses?) hate (I must have.) writing! And I hate reading! And I hate not reading! And I hate God! And Newt Gingrich! And "Pine-Sol!" ...And a lot of other things, but I guess I'll list them in my next column. Thhbt. Fuck.

Well, how did I do? Oh, wait, I've still got a ways to go if I want this to capture anyone's attention for more than twelve SAGA-seconds. Okay. Here goes... umm, the women's center is stupid. How dare they get

insulted when they're stereotyped and slandered? ...Damn lesbians. Speaking of feminism, I almost forgot the theater fucks. They should be exterminated, too. The fact they're some of the easiest targets on campus isn't the only reason to mock them, because.. uh.. oh yeah: they're all gay! Just like computer gamers. Yeah. Wait. Computer gamers are straight, they're just naive and terminally celibate. Actually, the pot heads

could learn a thing or two from the nerds... those Deadhead flowerfreaks fuck like guinea pigs. They're breeding faster than black handicapped communists. Gawd.

Hmm. This isn't going quite like I'd hoped, but maybe I'll do better next time. Hey, I could do a thing on the clandestine spy activity of Peter Tomb. They caught him, you know. He's been

forwarding all of Greg Prince's E-Mail to the People's Liberation Front of Denmark. They used the information to try to knock off Greg last week, and now Peter's up you-know-which heavily-cliched creek. Rumor has it that as punishment he's going to be

locked in SAGA with forty protein-starved whiny vegans for a week, and the only thing that's going to be on the menu is veal and buttered toast. Yeah, that'll make a great story. I bet if I get cited for libel, Jon Land will

make me a staff member. Then I'll be part of a cultural elite and I can use it to define my image and personality! ...on second thought, that would be horrible... as tired and lame as, say... well, I can't think of an appropriate analogy right

now, but I'm sure I'll think of one later. Until then, keep your ass

on the stars, and keep reaching for the...

Wait, I've got it... *punk rock fans!*

...fuck.

Neil Golden

Josh Cont.

And that, my friends, is that for this week's rantings, Section Hate style. You got questions? comments? suggestions? hate mail? Send 'em my way, you lazy slob: box 21 (snail mail) or jobF92@hamp.hampshire.edu (email). Or, hell, you could write for The Omen. We've got Casey Nordell as a staff writer. What more could you want?

So, till next we cross paths in this forest of despair, remember, kiddies: keep your feet on the ground, but keep reaching for the stars.

You stupid thppth.

Josh Brassard
Section Hate Editor

Camille Paglia Meets Mardi Gras

David Hasselhoff.

1/

In the beginning was nature. Sex is a subset to nature. Sex is the natural in man.

After the third drink, it is

Thoughts After Midnight

possible to wander through the Bacchanal in the streets without being noticed, wearing a mask that seems identical to those worn by the revelers on either side; not a literal mask but a symbolic one, given by the anonymity of the crowd. Although there are many faces, there are only a few masks: the Apollo, the whore, the priestess, the thinker: symbols passed down from the ancient Beltane rights and transformed by the gestalt of pop culture, Elvis and capitalism. Liberalism and the misguided optimism of the West dies as soon as these masks become apparent. The old archetypes are only feebly covered by the platitudes and Puritan morality superimposed over them.

The woman, by biology and ideology, is the source of the Bacchanalian, the root of Dionysian festivals, which become "festivals" at all only through the legislating influence of Apollonian (male) thought: without rules spaces cannot exist and by definition a "festival" is that which takes place within a space. This space is given its shape through definitions, cultural, moral, idiomatic, spoken and unspoken: around the edges

of Mardi Gras police barricades and fleets of ambulances are both cultural barriers and transporter beams: transgress too far and you will be magically "lifted" from the id as personified on the streets to the security of the ego, the superego, hospital or jail.

I think I need another drink.

2/

The Dionysian is no picnic. On the mean streets of New Orleans, survival of the fittest is clearly the MC. Bead economics. Men and women on the balconies (elevated, apart from the crowd; godlike) throw strings of plastic beads down on the festival participants. Men buy or find strings of beads and trade them to women for kisses, peeps, or other sexual acts. The bigger and more gaudy the beads, the more explicit the act. The symbolism here is obvious: we're talking about balls, for God's sake, balls! Hunter-gatherer capitalism: male cunning is rewarded with sexuality, fertility. In this sexual battleground he who has the most plastic gets propagated, and I'm not talking about American Express. If the Marquis de Sade were here he'd have so many strings of beads he could hardly stand up straight. There's no place for art here unless you can fuck to it. The veil of civilization is ripped away, revealing the terrible beauty of the primal dance lying beneath, with all its greed, heroism, lust, fear, and desire. It looks remarkably like

3/

Very drunk now.

There is a hatred of women inherent in this festival, a debasement: every female becomes a whore, and in becoming so, is placed on the pedestal of love, where cruelty and lust become the same. Mardi Gras is a tragedy acted out on the streets by unknowing actors, and like every tragedy is a struggle to resolve the Dionysian and the Apollonian, united under the banner of Decadence. Baudelaire would've gotten a kick out of this. For once these people seem truly alive, not mummified by the constraints of an enfeebling society or artistic urge corrupted from the start by the need to hide the primal unity of the suffering will from the gaze of the weakened masses, driven together to produce this slave morality that attempts to commensurate male and female, rich and poor, out of a fear of the potential for greatness they see in a few individuals; I can't remember where the hell this sentence started. To quote from Chess (the musical) "thank God I'm only watching the game; controlling it."

I think I'm going to pass out now.

February 1996

New Orleans, Louisiana

Matthew Flaming

Neanderthal Convention

I was on my way to a rave the other day when someone told me that Hampshire College had started off as an alternative school where kids could get an alternative education, but now it has become a haven for social outcasts (what's the change?). The more I think about this, the more I think it's right. And the more I think about that, the more I think that it's a bad idea.

Putting all the losers in one camp prompts isolationism, bitterness, and social frustration (This is all speculation, but find someone around here who'll tell me that these three things aren't rampant at this school...) Put people who can't get along with normal people in normal situations into an area where they are forced to attempt to get along with other weirdos in an alternative situation, and you've got trouble brewing. There are people at this school who are completely socially inept! You probably say, "Yeah, sure Casey, there are people everywhere in the world who are socially inept." But I say, "Yeah, but there are too many of them here, and they are too inept!" I haven't done any surveys or anything (oh, that would be lovely:

"Are you socially inept?")

"I have __ friends."

and about as accurate as that "47% of Hampshire students have tried pot" survey....) But I can't believe how many people I've met here who are incapable of carrying on normal human relations. And I mean simple so-

cial skills like: how to carry on a conversation, how to deal with people whom you don't like, how to conduct small talk (which although I hate, is a necessary social skill), and of course the usual how to groom oneself...

I met a large individual on E3 recently who told me "I hate your shit," with no preface or explanation. I finally realised after the encounter that he was talking about my work for the Omen. That's great. I love it when I hear things like this. To be liked or loved is one thing. To inspire that much stronger emotion, "La Haine," is quite another. It's awesome! I've actually inspired hatred for my work. It's a hell of a lot better than indifference, and of course there's always room for improvement. But there will be none. The rest of the story is, though, that this kid went out of his way to tell me this again at Saga. Another member of the Omen staff approached me with a question concerning my last article, and this kid tagged along with her, throwing in the comment, "Oh, I'll come along because I hate his stuff too." She replied with "I don't hate his stuff, I just have a question about the economic history of Russia." You know what? I bet this kid would drop anything and go out of his way on any day to bring the fact that my Omen articles suck into a conversation or to call it to my personal attention.

This is sad.

I'm not focusing on this

kid, though. There are countless others. There are people here who don't know how to conduct a friendship. They don't know how to let someone leave when it's time. They don't know what to do but latch onto every person they know and hit on every person they don't know in desperate and lowly attempts at achieving and retaining companionship in order to banish loneliness from their world. They don't know simple rules of social etiquette such as "Don't hit on your friends' boyfriend/girlfriend(s)." They don't know how to conduct a social life when SAGA is closed. They don't know how to be independent.

And independent is what you are when you're at college.

My point is that there are a lot of people here who found high school to be an unfulfilling and in some cases traumatic experience. That's great. This is a good place to be if you feel that way, but because you feel that way is not a prerequisite for coming here and it certainly won't help you here. There's a marked difference between having a bad time in high school and getting nothing out of it and having a bad time in high school and getting very very very very little out of it. And I don't mean learning the date of the fall of the Roman Empire or the significance of the hopping sparrow in Tessa of the D'Urbervilles by Thomas Hardy. I'm talking about skills to interact with other people, and con-

Continued on the next page.

More Neanderthals

Continued from the previous page.

trary to popular belief, no you don't learn all of these in kindergarten. You see there's a certain point to high school as it stands now, even if you do end up coming to Hampshire, and part of that point is learning to get along with lots of different people and work within the system and get all those high school romances out of your system, and learn how to deal with bureaucracy and annoying people and stupid people and losing people and gaining people. And I don't see a lot of people here having learned all these lessons. And that's fine. But I see a lot of people here who haven't learned many of these lessons at all. It's as if they were never exposed to the situations or never thought to think about them. Maybe these people were protected throughout high school or maybe they're just naive or maybe they just don't care. But sadly, I believe that these were just about the only lessons that

needed to be learned in that wretched place. And I was wondering why high school was so long and repetitive on these points, but now that I get here I realize that's because a lot of people didn't even manage to pick them up after four years of that hell-hole, and what's sad is that nothing's here to help them now. College isn't designed to teach these lessons, and as bad of a job high school's apparently doing at it, college is even worse, because it's designed for people beyond that. There's no "Writing Center" type place for the Social Skills, where you can brush up on conversational techniques or learn what a clique is and how to join one. There shouldn't have to be, but there is such a need on this campus, not for the Women's Center, but for place one can go to learn "How to be a Human Being." : "The Humans Center." I don't know, I think high school should brush up some more though. My En-

glish teacher in sophomore year said that he couldn't believe that high school was so standardized. He felt that some students he knew could learn all they could from high school in 3 years, others in 5 or 6. But we're all herded through in 4, and here we are. Some of us here didn't even finish high school, some of us have transferred from other colleges. So, I was thinking of what my friend had said, as I was at this rave surrounded by a room full of high schoolers. My friends and I, who drove to Hartford, CT, were the only people at the rave who weren't going to high school (except for some of the E dealers). And I realized that here are a couple hundred high school kids that are trying so desperately to be older, that many of them will end up missing the point of what being older is until it's much too late. And I flash back to the present and realize that is how we got here.

Casey Nordell
Staff Writer

More Police Log

Continued from Page 6.

12:16 CFS 96-542 Dining Commons

Student not feeling well.
Sunday February 25,

1996:

15:40 CFS 96-557 Dakin
Student not feeling well.

Safety Hazard: [Watch out!!!!]
Sunday February 25,

1996:

23:10 CFS 96-566 Film and Photo

Concern about a chemical, no problem.

Special Service: [No comment, I don't know why though.]
Tuesday February 20,

1996:

11:54 CFS 96-498 Greenwich

Car opened for owner, keys inside vehicle.

15:19 CFS 96-599 Merrill
Letter delivered for

Amherst College Security.

SUSPICIOUS PERSON!!!: [No, that's The Omen's own Ben Sanders.]
Saturday February 24,

1996:

05:27 CFS 96-540 Prescott

Checked, no problem.
Sunday February 25,

1996:

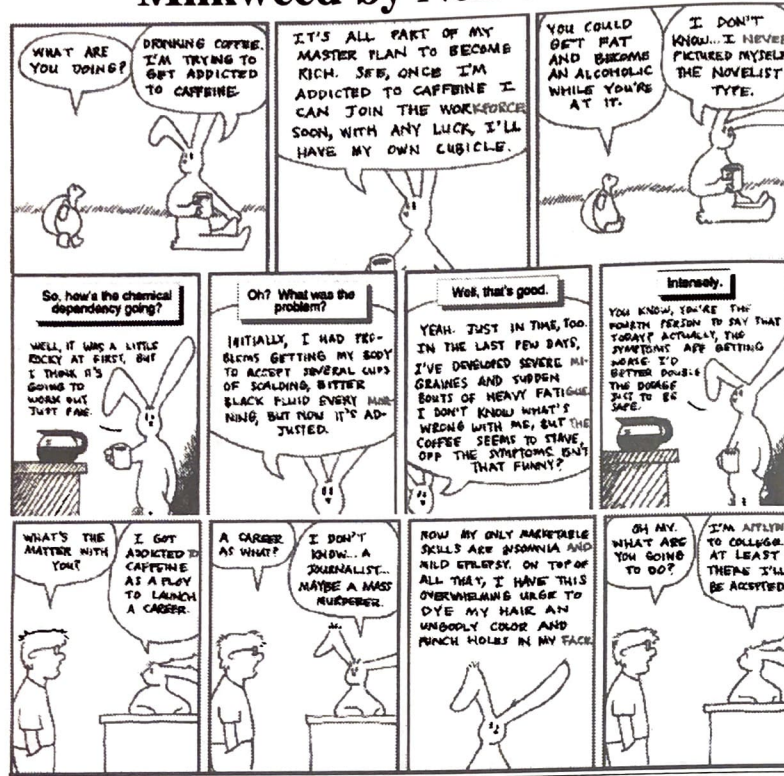
16:50 CFS 96-561 Dakin
Individual spoken to.

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March 1996

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
25 10:00am Black Hist. Month Community Brunch-Cult. Cir. 8:30 p Divil 11:00 am Women's Art Collective - Airport Lng.	26 3:30 pm Comm. Council Mtg. FPH 105 8:00 pm Resp. Ecol. Mtg. - Kiva	27 3:30 pm Comm. Council Mtg. FPH 105 8:00 pm Resp. Ecol. Mtg. - Kiva	28 Neg. Space Café 9 p - 10 p Jewish Spirituality - Apt. Lng. 6:00p - 6:30-10:30 Neg. Space Café No Classes 8:30 pm For the Animals Mtg. - Kiva	29 9 pm AMC Show "Bikini Kill" & others - D.C. 9 pm Cartoon "Anime Night" - ASH	1 March is Womens' History Month 7:00pm Trek and Movies Neg. Space Café - Women's Art Coll. Coffee House	2 7:00pm Trek and Movies Neg. Space Café - Women's Art Coll. Coffee House
11 3:30 pm Comm. Council Mtg. FPH 105 8:00 pm Resp. Ecol. Mtg. - Kiva	12 3:30 pm Comm. Council Mtg. FPH 105 8:00 pm Resp. Ecol. Mtg. - Kiva	13 Neg. Space Café 8:30 pm For the Animals Mtg. - Kiva 9 p - 10 p Jewish Spirituality - Apt.	14 9 pm Cartoon "Anime Night" - ASH	15 7:00pm Trek and Movies Neg. Space Café - Women's Art Coll. Coffee House	8 7:00pm Trek and Movies Neg. Space Café - Women's Art Coll. Coffee House	15 7:00pm Trek and Movies Neg. Space Café - Women's Art Coll. Coffee House
18 3:30 pm Comm. Council Mtg. FPH 105 8:00 pm Resp. Ecol. Mtg. - Kiva	19 3:30 pm Comm. Council Mtg. FPH 105 8:00 pm Resp. Ecol. Mtg. - Kiva	20 Neg. Space Café 8:30 pm For the Animals Mtg. - Kiva 9 p - 10 p Jewish Spirituality - Apt.	21 9 pm Cartoon "Anime Night" - ASH	22 7:00pm Trek and Movies Neg. Space Café - Women's Art Coll. Coffee House	29 7:00pm Trek and Movies Neg. Space Café - Women's Art Coll. Coffee House	29 7:00pm Trek and Movies Neg. Space Café - Women's Art Coll. Coffee House
25 3:30 pm Comm. Council Mtg. FPH 105 8:00 pm Resp. Ecol. Mtg. - Kiva	26 3:30 pm Comm. Council Mtg. FPH 105 8:00 pm Resp. Ecol. Mtg. - Kiva	27 Neg. Space Café 8:30 pm For the Animals Mtg. - Kiva 9 p - 10 p Jewish Spirituality - Apt.	28 9 pm Cartoon "Anime Night" - ASH	29 7:00pm Trek and Movies Neg. Space Café - Women's Art Coll. Coffee House	29 7:00pm Trek and Movies Neg. Space Café - Women's Art Coll. Coffee House	29 7:00pm Trek and Movies Neg. Space Café - Women's Art Coll. Coffee House
37 3:30 pm Comm. Council Mtg. FPH 105 8:00 pm Resp. Ecol. Mtg. - Kiva	38 3:30 pm Comm. Council Mtg. FPH 105 8:00 pm Resp. Ecol. Mtg. - Kiva	39 Neg. Space Café 8:30 pm For the Animals Mtg. - Kiva 9 p - 10 p Jewish Spirituality - Apt.	40 9 pm Cartoon "Anime Night" - ASH	41 7:00pm Trek and Movies Neg. Space Café - Women's Art Coll. Coffee House	42 7:00pm Trek and Movies Neg. Space Café - Women's Art Coll. Coffee House	43 7:00pm Trek and Movies Neg. Space Café - Women's Art Coll. Coffee House

Milkweed by Neil Golden



End Of Police Log

Continued from Page 12.

Suspicious Vehicle: [No more space for comments.]

Sunday February 25,

1996:
22:32 CFS 96-549 Greenwich

Traffic:

Friday February 23,

1996:
15:32 CFS 96-528 South of

Four Corners

Truck off the road, driver assisted.

Unwanted Person:

Monday February 19,

1996:
11:00 CFS 96-490 Library
Officers spoke with individual, all ok.

Tuesday February 20,

1996:

09:55 CFS 96-494 Merrill

Officers spoke with individual.

Staring Into The Face Of Death

Jonathan Land,

1996



Finally... The Ramones!!!

"I hate you..." I said, exhausted, as I slunk into the slightly smelly bus seat next to Caroline. She had just forced me to run across campus (which is a lot longer if you're running) to catch the bus. I wondered if the Ramones were worth all this trouble. Apparently, they were, seeing as this was their (promised) final tour ever. They were certainly old enough, in the arena since 1976, and still playing strong despite the middle age onslaught that halt s most energetic rock bands when they reach their prime. And so the end of a certain era is proclaimed, by some, ironically enough, when "punk" has begun to climb the top 40 charts with bands like (take a wild guess) Green Day and Ram-cid; the Ramones, who have been there (and lasted) since the beginning are now deciding to "move on" with their lives (as I wish some other old geezers would do). This is not the first, nor will it be the last, time that punk has been assimilated into the mainstream. Remember the Sex Pistols and their overwhelming success in England in '77-'79. The difference has always been that The Ramones were not angry young rebels; sure their stuff is fast and has that characteristic hard bass line, but they just want us to dance. The

Ramones were expected to be catapulted to success in the late '70's with the other punk acts, but it never happened and it still hasn't. Which is fine. We're still dancing, and that is the important thing.

And now WE bop. We get to Northampton, and it's fucking freezing. Amber keeps singing "Winter Wonderland" which it certainly wasn't. WE go to get her a piece of pizza, the girl puts enough garlic on it to come very close to damaging my sensitive nostrils. Eventually we wind up in a long shivering line, only a few people behind us in line is one of those puffy, voluptuous blondes we all remember from Warrant videos. I snicker at the variety of people around us: everything from 14 yr. old bleached boys (we tried to get him to buy us a drink later which is how we found out just how old he was) to 34 year old cock rock men reminiscing about the better days of getting drunk at Aerosmith concerts... All these people listen to the Ramones? Their simple style easily appeals to all types of people- young, old, punk, glam rock, metalheads, all can find a sort of commonality in the lyrics and chords.

WE go in and Amber informs she must drink, smoke or sleep. Problem with today's

youth; at any rate she gets a smoke and then crashes on the floor. The line for the coat check (75 cents after we dished out almost 20 \$ for the ticket's, yup, some punk show, huh?) is massive and ugly, so one of my diversionary tactics is kaput. I'm bored, I wander, see some Hampshireites, find an over 21er to get Amber a drink, and then I'm thinking um, music might be good?! I was only partially right, the first band sucked ass. Well, that's certainly what Caroline expressed rather loudly after their set (Hey, they tried but "We're Gen, this is a song about drugs!!!!" just didn't push my musical appreciation buttons.) Some intelligent guy decided to approach Caroline and say that Gren didn't suck *too* much last time he saw them. Caroline agreed that they could have been worse, (but then they'd be called a noisy construction crew) and dismissed the short unimpressive metalhead. I turned to him and commented that the posters looked a lot like old Nirvana posters.. he said "Kurt Cobain sucks man!" and I went off to look for another drink.

Can I just say I'm a sucker for mohawks, and there was this lovely one attached to a

Continued on the next page.

More Ramones

Continued from the previous page.

boy I started talking to (his friend later informed Amber that he was a crack dealer (the friend not the punk)) and WE were swept off into the pit to kick some ass to the Ramones. It is hard to dance in a pit with people that seem to be made of this sticky gunk that becomes affixed to your various appendages. Either that or they beat you repeatedly with raised fists and banging heads. Can no one in the entire fucking planet dance? Does no one know how to dance in a pit? Oh, and huge guys that crowd surf, does it make them feel support from the crowd, or maybe simply petite, I don't know. Regardless of these little annoyances the audience was enthusiastic and active, and WE got to pound a lot of them; such a good time! I'm still looking for those 30 hole steel-toed boots so that I might be yet more effective in stomping, (x4621) so if you've got an idea help me out! (or if you have a mohawk...)

And so Caroline and Jimbo were off, stomping and kicking and whatnot, and I kept good track of her by following that mohawk. I myself tend to (cowardly) hang towards the edge of the pit until someone pushes me in, where I fend for myself...I've been thinking a lot about the symbolism of the pit—the utter anarchy and chaos that comes along with such a cathar-

tic release of emotions in that smelly, sweaty version of hell, and then I figure that trying to analyze it kinda defeats the purpose anyway. You really don't have much time to think about that stuff when you are being pushed in many different directions at the same time, but I can't help but find the blend of random violence and dependence intriguing. Some fat guy that I never met before kept pushing me down (should I take that personally??) while some other person kept making sure that I didn't fall. It was a strange sort of balance, indeed, one that if I'm sure you are inebriated enough you could find a deep human meaning in, but for now, in the spirit of the Ramones, all I cared about was jumping around to the tune of "Rock n Roll High School" and having some fun. Joey would appreciate that.

Speaking of Joey, and not of our personal experiences, the music is what WE're here to tell you about (yeah, right). Shaggy black heads, except for one which was clean-shaven, all moving in since to the energetic beat; they rarely stopped, in between songs they take one breath, say 1...2,3,4, and go. In the best of the punk tradition, they wasted no time with silly pretentious lead ins (unlike some opening band..) and the

energy was uncut throughout the concert. So the Ramones are still alive and kicking, staying so close to the spirit they started with... amazing. The thing about the Ramones is their ability to be pure, simple and just damn good. They get to the point, just like this commentary should. And now this tradition is leaving us, but we'll always have the memories... and you'll always have this article. So in the concluding words of Joey Ramone "ADIOS AMIGOS" (walk off stage)

In the concluding words of your fave music editors (hee hee) The Ramones are classic, they're great in their unassuming real people personas, and they play good stuff. If you should get the chance, and if you got the cash, go see these guys before they're completely gone (I mean how long can a farewell tour last?).

**Amber Cortes
Caroline Taylor-
Christman**

Little note: this was written really late one night when amber was drunk and Caroline, in a fantasy world of 80s music (Go Foreigner!) and stale chips, sincerely believed she was. Thanks much Tim (Mann) for letting us use the comp. Sorry 'bout the mess.

Amber Cortes Left Completely
Unscathed
Jonathan Land,
1996

